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Frank A. Munsey Co.
(Continued from last week)

Thus it was that, despite the civilized boots she wore and the confining feminine garb, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable, nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the head man plunged Meriem into a period of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovudo deserted, nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native anywhere in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's Korak. But in this quest, too, he had failed. He had seen neither apes nor ape man.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak, but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time, and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mourn almost hourly for her Korak.

It was about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? Would they be as nice to her as had Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her that they all were gentlefolk and that she would find them kind, considerate and honorable.

At last the visitors arrived. There were three men and two women—the wives of the two older men. The youngest member of the party was Hon. Morison Baynes, a young man of considerable wealth, who, having exhausted all the possibilities for pleasure offered by the capitals of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

Nature had favored him with a splendid physique and a handsome face and also with sufficient good judgment to appreciate that, while he might enjoy the contemplation of his superiority to the masses, there was little likelihood of the masses being equally entranced by the same cause. And so he easily maintained the reputation of being a most democratic and likable fellow, and, indeed, he was likable. Just a shade of his egotism was occasionally apparent—never sufficient to become a burden to his associates.

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civilization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of central Africa if he were difficult to guess.

Meriem at first was shy and reserved in the presence of strangers. Her benefactors had seen fit to ignore mention of her strange past, and so she passed as their ward, whose antecedents, not having been mentioned, were not to be inquired into. The guests found her sweet and unassuming, laughing, vivacious and a never-exhausted storehouse of quaint and interesting jungle lore.

The Hon. Morison Baynes found Meriem a most beautiful and charming companion. He was delighted with her from the first, particularly so, it is possible, because he had not thought to find companionship of this sort upon the African estate of his London friends. They were together a great deal, as they were the only unmarried couple in the little company.

Meriem, entirely unaccustomed to the companionship of such Baynes, was fascinated by him. His tales of the great, gay cities with which he was familiar filled her with admiration and wonder. If the Hon. Morison always shone to advantage in these narratives, Meriem saw in that fact but a natural consequence to his presence upon the scene of his story. Wherever Morison might be he must be a hero. So thought the girl.

With the actual presence and companionship of the young Englishman the image of Korak became less real. Where before it had been an actuality to her, she now realized that Korak was but a memory. To that memory she still was loyal. But what weight has a memory in the presence of a fascinating reality?

And presently she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and merging into those of another, and the figure of a tanned, half-naked Tarzan-like being a khaki-clad and sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

The Hon. Morison Baynes was sitting with Meriem upon the veranda one evening after the others had retired. Earlier they had been playing tennis, a game in which the Hon. Morison shone to advantage, as, in truth, he did in most all manly sports. He was telling her stories of London and Paris, of balls and banquets, of the wonderful women and their wonderful gowns, of the pleasures and pastimes of the rich and powerful.

Meriem was entranced. His tales were like fairy stories to this little

Jungle maid. The Hon. Morison looked large and wonderful and magnificent in her mind's eye. He fascinated



"Meriem!" He whispered. "My Little Meriem!"

her, and when he drew closer to her after a short silence and took her hand she thrilled as one might thrill beneath the touch of a deity—a thrill of exaltation not unalike with fear.

He bent his lips close to her ear. "Meriem!" he whispered. "My Little Meriem! May I hope to have the right to call you my little Meriem?"

The girl turned wide eyes upward to his face, but it was in shadow. She trembled, but she did not draw away. The man put an arm about her and drew her closer.

"I love you!" he whispered. She did not reply. She did not know what to say. She knew nothing of love. She had never given it a thought. But she did know that it was very nice to be loved, whatever it meant.

It was nice to have people kind to one. She had known so little of kindness or affection.

"Tell me," he said, "that you return my love."

His lips came steadily closer to hers. They had almost touched when a vision of Korak sprang like a miracle before her eyes. She saw Korak's face close to hers, she felt his lips against her lips, and then for the first time she guessed what love meant.

She drew away gently. "I am not sure," she said, "that I love you. Let us wait. There is plenty of time. I am too young to marry yet, and I am not sure that I should be happy in London or Paris. They rather frighten me."

She was not sure that she loved him! That came rather in the nature of a shock to the Hon. Morison's vanity. It seemed incredible that this little barbarian should have any doubt whatever as to the desirability of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

He glanced down at the girl's profile. It was bathed in the silvery light of the great tropic moon. She was most alluring.

Meriem rose. The vision of Korak was still before her. "Good night," she said. "It is almost too beautiful to leave." She waved her hand in a comprehensive gesture which took in the starry heavens, the great moon, the broad, silvery plain and the dense shadows in the distance that marked the jungle. "Oh, how I love it!"

"You would love London more," he said earnestly. "And London would love you. You would be a famous beauty in any capital of Europe. You would have the world at your feet, Meriem."

"Good night," she repeated, and left him.

CHAPTER XII. A Night Ride.

Meriem and Bwana were sitting on the veranda together the following day when a horseman appeared in the distance riding across the plain toward the bungalow.

Bwana shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed out toward the oncoming rider. He was puzzled. Strangers were few in central Africa. Even the blacks for a distance of many miles in every direction were well known to him. No white man came within a hundred miles that word of his coming did not reach Bwana long before the stranger. His every move was reported to the big Bwana—just what animals he killed and how many of each species, how he killed them, too, for Bwana would not permit the use of prussic acid or strychnine, and how he treated his "boys."

But here was evidently one who had slipped into the country unheralded. Bwana could not imagine who the approaching horseman might be.

After the manner of frontier hospitality the globe roarer, he met the newcomer at the gate, welcoming him even before he had dismounted. He saw a tall, well-knit man of thirty or more, blond of hair and smooth-shaven. There was a tantalizing familiarity about him that convinced Bwana that he should be able to call the visitor by name, yet he was unable to do so.

Bwana was wondering how a lone white man could have made his way through the savage, inhospitable miles that lay toward the south. As though guessing what must be passing through the other's mind, the stranger vouchsafed an explanation.

"I came down from the north to do a little trading and hunting," he said, "and got way off the beaten track. My head man, who was the only member of the safari who had ever before been in the country, took sick and died. We could find no natives to guide us, and so I simply swung back straight north. We have been living on the fruits of our guns for over a month."

"Didn't have an idea there was a white man within a thousand miles of us when we camped last night by a water hole at the edge of the plain. This morning I started out to hunt and saw the smoke from your chimney, so I sent my gun bearer back to camp with the good news and rode straight over here myself. Of course I've heard of you—everybody who comes into central Africa does—and I'd be mighty glad of permission to rest up and hunt around here for a couple of weeks."

"Certainly," replied Bwana. "Make yourself at home."

They had reached the veranda now, and Bwana was introducing the stranger to Meriem and My Dear, who had just come from the bungalow's interior.

"This is Mr. Hanson," he said, using the name the man had given him. "He is a trader who has lost his way in the jungle to the south."

My Dear and Meriem bowed their acknowledgments of the introduction. The man seemed rather ill at ease in their presence. His host attributed this to the fact that his guest was unaccustomed to the society of cultured women, and so found a pretext to extricate him quickly from his seemingly unpleasant position and lead him away to his study and the brandy and soda, which were evidently much less embarrassing to Mr. Hanson.

When the two had left them Meriem turned toward My Dear.

"It is odd," she said, "but I could almost swear that I had known Mr. Hanson in the past. It is odd, but quite impossible," and she gave the matter no further thought.

For three weeks Hanson had remained. During this time he said that his boys were resting and gaining strength after their terrible ordeals in the untracked jungles to the south, but he had not been as idle as he appeared to have been. He divided his small following into two parts, intrusting the leadership of each to men whom he believed he could trust.

One party he moved very slowly northward along the trail that connects with the great caravan routes entering the Sahara from the south. The other he ordered straight westward with orders to halt and go into permanent camp just beyond the great river which marks the natural boundary of the country that the big Bwana rightfully considers almost his own.

To his host he explained that he was moving his safari slowly toward the north—he said nothing of the party moving westward. Then one day he announced that half his boys had deserted, for a hunting party from the bungalow had come across his northern camp, and he feared that they might have noticed the reduced numbers of his following.

And thus matters stood when one hot night Meriem, unable to sleep, rose and wandered out into the garden. The Hon. Morison had been urging his suit once more that evening, and the girl's mind was in such a turmoil that she had been unable to sleep.

The wide heavens above her seemed to promise a greater freedom from doubt and questioning. Baynes had urged her to tell him that she loved him. A dozen times she thought that she might honestly give him the answer that he demanded.

Korak was fast becoming but a memory. That he was dead she had come to believe since otherwise he would have sought her out. She did not know that he had even better reason to believe her dead and that it was because of that belief he had made no effort to find her after his raid upon the village of Kovudo.

Behind a great flowering shrub Hanson lay gazing at the stars and waiting. He had lain thus and there many nights before. For what was he waiting or for whom? He heard the girl approaching and half raised himself to his elbow. A dozen paces away, the reins looped over a fence post, stood his pony.

Meriem, walking slowly, approached the bush behind which the waiter lay. Hanson drew a large bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and rose stealthily to his knees. A pony neighed down at the corral. Far out across the plain a lion roared. Hanson changed his position until he squatted upon both feet.

Again the pony neighed, this time closer. There was the sound of his body brushing against shrubbery. Hanson heard and wondered how the animal had got from the corral, for it was evident that he was already in the garden. The man turned his head in the direction of the beast.

What he saw sent him to the ground, huddled close beneath the shrubbery—a man was coming, leading two ponies. Meriem heard now and stopped to look and listen. A moment later the Hon. Morison Baynes drew near, the two saddled mounts at his heels.

Meriem looked up at him in surprise. The Hon. Morison grinned sheepishly. "I couldn't sleep," he explained, "and was going for a bit of a ride when I chanced to see you out here, and I thought you'd like to join me. Ripping good sport, you know, night riding. Come on."

Meriem laughed. The adventure appealed to her. "All right," she said. Hanson swore beneath his breath. The two led their horses from the garden to the gate and through it. There they discovered Hanson's mount.

"Why, here's the trader's pony," remarked Baynes.

"He's probably down visiting with the foreman," said Meriem.

"Pretty late for him, isn't it?" remarked the Hon. Morison. "I'd hate to have to ride back through that jungle at night to his camp."

(Continued on page 8)

LEGAL NOTICES

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate office in the village of Ithaca in said county, on the 21st day of July, A. D. 1921. Present: Hon. James G. Kress, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of HARRIET O. LANGWORTHY, deceased. Charles A. Langworthy having filed in said court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Charles Langworthy or to some other suitable person. It is ordered that the 26th day of August, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once for each of three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JAMES G. KRESS, Judge of Probate.
MILDRED E. TAFT, Register of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 27th day of July, A. D. 1921. Present: Hon. James G. Kress, Probate Judge.
In the matter of the estate of NORMAN E. COFFIN, deceased. Ira N. Brainard, a creditor of deceased, having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself, or to some other suitable person.
It is ordered that the 26th day of August, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JAMES G. KRESS, Judge of Probate.
MILDRED E. TAFT, Register of Probate.

HEARING CLAIMS.
STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.
At a session of said court, held at the Probate office in the village of Ithaca in said county, on the 27th day of July, 1921. Present: Hon. James G. Kress, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of ANDREW WELCH, deceased. The above estate having been admitted to Probate and John D. Sullivan appointed Administrator thereof.
It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate and that such claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday, the 30th day of November, 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
JAMES G. KRESS, Judge of Probate.
MILDRED E. TAFT, Register of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.
WHEREAS: Fred A. Slater and Lena Slater, husband and wife, of Alma, Michigan, made and executed a certain real estate mortgage, bearing date the 11th day of August, A. D. 1920, to the Little Rock Coal Co., a corporation of the same place, which was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Gratiot County, Michigan, on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1920, in Liber 146, of mortgages, on page 429; and
WHEREAS: Said mortgage was by said Little Rock Coal Co., a corporation, assigned to The First State Bank, a corporation, of Alma, Michigan, which said assignment was on the 21st day of August, A. D. 1920, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Gratiot County, Michigan, on page 425; and
WHEREAS: The amount now due and unpaid upon said mortgage is the sum of four thousand dollars and principal, two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sixty-seven cents, taxes for said year, totaling four thousand two hundred eighty-three dollars and seventy-eight cents, together with an attorney's fee of thirty-five dollars, and in pursuance of the statute and the terms of said mortgage, and all costs of foreclosure proceedings; and
WHEREAS: Default has been made in the terms and conditions of said mortgage and in the payment of the sum secured thereby, and that no suit or proceeding at law has been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, secured by said mortgage;
NOW THEREFORE: Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale, contained in said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said premises, to-wit: the premises situated to the highest bidder, at the North front door of the Court House, at Ithaca, Michigan, on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the place of holding the Circuit Court for Gratiot County; and mortgaged premises being described as follows: Lots fifteen, sixteen, thirty-four and thirty-five of Grace Sharrar Addition to the City of Alma, Michigan, according to the recorded plat thereof.
Dated, Alma, Michigan, July 27th, 1921.
FIRST STATE BANK, a Corporation.
CHARLES H. GOGGIN, Attorney for Assignee of said mortgage.
Business Address: Alma, Michigan. 10-15w

MORTGAGE SALE.
Whereas, Elizabeth Kruger, of Alma, Michigan, made and executed a certain mortgage, bearing date the 21st day of July, A. D. 1919, to J. Martin Binkley, of Alma, Michigan, which was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Gratiot on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1919, at 9 o'clock A. M., in Liber 146 of mortgages, on page 146; and
Whereas, the amount claimed to be due and unpaid upon said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of \$1,659.25, and no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured thereby, or any part thereof;
And Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by said mortgage, whereby the power of sale contained therein has become operative;
Now, Therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance thereof and the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, at Ithaca, in said county of Gratiot, that being the place of holding the circuit court within said county, on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; the description of which said premises contained in said mortgage is as follows: Lot Number Nine, Grace Sharrar Addition to the City of Alma, Michigan, according to the recorded plat thereof.
Dated August 4, 1921.
J. MARTIN BINKLEY, Mortgagee.
BAHLE & BRAUN, Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Business Address: Alma, Michigan. 11-12w

NOTICE OF SPECIAL ASSESSMENT.
To Herr and Gibbs, V. H. Shepard, Mrs. J. L. Miller, Mrs. Augusta Griffin and Winnie A. Griffin, John S. Caple, Carrie Moniged, J. M. Montford, A. H. Scattergood, George Duncan, A. W. Brock, Ransom Fraker, E. H. Wesco, O. J. Hyde, Mrs. Josephine Ward, Mrs. Sylvia Gagey, Mrs. Carrie Chick, S. L. Bennett, H. Currence, D. W. Adams, M. H. Udell, and to all other persons interested.
TAKE NOTICE
That the roll of the special assessment heretofore made by the board of assessors for the city of Alma, for the year 1921, and the cost which the commission directed should be paid and borne by special assessment for the construction of a pavement including curbs and gutters, included and embraced within Local Special Assessment Paving District No. 4 for the year 1921, which is Woodworth avenue beginning at the south side of Superior street thence south on said street to the right-of-way of the Pere Marquette Railway Company, is now on file in my office for inspection.
Notice is also hereby given that the Commission and Board of Special Assessors of the city of Alma will meet at the commission rooms in said city on the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1921, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. of said day, to review said assessment, and which time and place opportunity will be given all persons interested to be heard.
Dated, July 28, 1921.
FRANCIS C. HAYWARD, City Clerk.

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